

Case History 29.

Tuesday
15.4.1947.
0, J.O.

P.D. 27, 3b5 21, Household 18.

Henlon Ryland	Head	M.W. 45	Farmer Mixed Farm.
" Christiana	Mother	F.W. 90	Retired
" Tadlin	Daughter	F.S. 20	/None /Yes/
" Urvin	Son	M.S. 10	
" Leopold	Son	M.S. 9	
Fraser Ourille	G/D	F.S. 3	
" Patricia	G/D	F.S. 2	

We met Mr. Ryland Henlon at his sugar mill which is down the hill in the vicinity of his house. The cane was just thrash and the liquor boiled. Mr. Hemdon said he sells his sugar hims. He takes it in a dray to Balaclava, St. Elisabeth - to places where there is no sugar cane. He takes at a time as much as 1 dozens of small tins. He sells it on the market place either to shop-keepers or people who buy it for their own consumption. He sells it for 2d. or 2 and a half. He thinks at the shop they se it for 3 d.

Monday
21. 4.47.
T.O.

Mr. Henlon Ryland is also a butcher. He is the owner of a complex of houses ~~wherever he can~~ at the cross-roads where the parochial road to AllSSides branches off the main road. He built the new post-office there for the Government.

In 1914 when he was 20 he went to Cuba and stayed there working in the fields for 5 years. He was born in Douanville and before he went to Cuba has never been to Worsop. After his return from Cuba round 1920 he bought a farm in Worsop. In 1922 he built his sugar-mill. It cost then about 20 L. - Only the machinery. This machinery now costs about L 32. The total cost of building a sugar mill and cauldrons etc. would be now according to him and others L60. The sugar mill is bought in Kingston and delivered to Balaclava from where it has to be carried to Worsop.

Sugar cane does not bring much money, but as there is nothing "helse" to ~~planx~~ get money from he thinks it worth while. Other men /it was in front of the Chinaman shop/ said Mr. Henlon "takes good care of himself". He is of the "entrepreneur" type. ~~an~~

Inf. Ryland Henlon

J. O.

Visited the place where cows are butchered by ~~my~~ Mr. Henlon, the butcher. Two halves of a cow recently butchered were hanging down the stick. Two young men were busy in ~~partly~~ cutting one of the halves. Mr. Ryland Henlon was present, but he did not do any work, only supervised and directed other people.

~~Then~~ I went with Mr. Henlon to his shop. ~~We~~ followed two young men carrying ~~xxxxx~~ one quarter of the cow to the shop. The quarter was hanged down from a stick, which the carriers put on their arms.

Next information was ~~gather~~ gathered concerning the procedure of butchering the cow. ~~and the~~

Mr. Henlon bought the cow in Troy. He paid for it \$16. He went himself to Troy and made the deal on the spot. It was

~~xxxxx~~

paid the price without taking the ~~xxxxx~~ weight of the

The weight was taken after the cow was cut and brought to the shop. The first ~~quarter~~ back quarter had the weight of 115 lb. The first front-quarter - 105 lb. Two other quarters of the second half were not ~~xxxxx~~ weighed and the whole was estimated at 480 lb of meat. Liver, ~~xxxxx~~ heart, legs and head were not weighed. Mr. Henlon will sell the meat at 11d a lb "right through" e.i. including bones. The skin of the cow is sold "to the Government". The Government pays better price for it than private dealers. The "kopyta" will be thrown away - there is no buyer for it.

The whole meat - according to Mr. Henlon - will be sold in one or two days. To-morrow everything will be "finished". Immediately after his coming to the shop with first quarter of the cow /Mr. Henlon carried himself the heart and Grdyka/ people ~~started to come to the shop and asking~~ were coming to the shop and asking for the meat. They paid 11d for a pound or 6d for half a pound. The butcher was generous in ~~xxxxx~~ the meat. He added some portions of fat to the ~~portion~~ of liver and heart extra and ~~xxxxx~~ and did not take any additional money for it.

In butchering the cow several people were employed. Four men led the cow to the place of slaughter and kept it on the ~~xxx~~ spot by ~~xxxxx~~ pulling the ropes bound to the legs of the beast. One man drew the ~~xxxx~~ cow's head to the trunk of the tree and ~~ke~~ kept it when another man again hit the cow's head. One of the ~~ff~~ first four men cut the throat of the cow. ~~xxxxx~~ Taking the skin off and cutting of the ~~xxxx~~ corpse into halves and quarters was done - as far as I could gather - by the same men who were employed at butchering the cow. The main task - hitting the cow - was done probably by Mr. Stanford Carter. The men who kept the cow at the slaughter carried the meat to the shop. Only Mr. Henlon and Mr. Carter ~~xxxxx~~ did not participate in these subordinate activities.

Mr. Henlon chose the place for killing cows at a distance from his shop - on Carter's property. He does not want the cow's blood to filthy his shop and its environment. ~~xxxxx~~ However the place was quickly cleaned. All the meat was carried to the shop. Some remnants were ~~xxxx~~ picked by the boys who witnessed the performance and ~~xxxxx~~ the place was invaded by ~~xxxx~~ Johncrows to do the rest. The whole performance took one hour and ~~xxxxx~~ a half. It started at 8.a.m. and at 9.30 the meat was at a shop.

Mr. Carter was helping Mr. Henlon in taking the weight. They were very curious about it and very satisfied with the weight. They made evidently a good bargain.

selling

One of the smaller boys brought the head carrying it on his own head.

At the end of my talk with Mr. Henlon's shop at his shop a man came who ~~onx~~ started a noisy an pathetic ~~quarrel with xxx~~ ~~Mr. Henlon~~ harangue directed to Mr. Henlon. ~~and there xxx~~ This was caused by a debt which Mr. Henlon contracted from the man some weeks ago and did not care to settle. Mr. The man, as I learned later on from himself, was a higgler selling drugs to people and shoepopers in Warsop. He came from Spring Garden where he lives. ~~romised~~ promised to visit ~~xx~~ us next froday morning with his ~~stugs~~ stugs. The quarrel was caused by 2.6d which Mr. Henlon owed to the man for the drugs he bought from him several weeks ago. He comes to Mr. Henlon each Friday since to be told only to come next week. The man ar gued violently and ended his speech with the final sentence: "I hate debts." Mr. Henlon all the time kept silence and uttered no word. He was busy with selling meat to his clents and ~~taxi~~ counting money paid to him. Several shillings passed to him in my presence, ~~but xxx~~ still he did not ~~xxx~~ pay the debt. The man complained that it is making of him a fool by asking to come each week in vain ~~that makes him feel so bitter about his debt.~~

Wednesday

30.4.47.

T.O.

cost £ 500 -

The succesful

farmer

-

entrepreneur.

Mr. Henlon was sieving reddish pebble in front of the new post office which he built not long ago. He said it was for the tank he is building and invited to see the tank. It is behind the post office, a very large tank to catch water from the building. Made of stones, sqyare and the biggest I have seen. He said it will cost when finished £65 to £70. He inv ated to see the inside of the post office building, which and brought the keys. There are 5 rooms, a bath room and "servant quarters" as he termed it. The front room with two barred windows is for the post office. ~~xxxxxx~~ In this room there is a telephone booth. All rooms are painted in green or pink. In a separated building is a kitchen and the latrine has a cemented reservoir.

He was very pleased when complemented on his enterprising achievements. In Cuba he use to fall tree to clear land for cane cultivation. "In Cuba I work for you" - meaning he was a labourer employed by others. In Warsop he has 12 acres in 5 plots. Asked how he manages having besides it a butcher's business, building enterprises &, he said he employs labour. One week there are ~~xxxxxx~~ 6 people working for him, another week it might be 2 or 1. He stressed the fact that he achieved all that he "a black man", "a nigger". He started with the money he earned in Cuba. He had 9 children. "Girls are big women", one is in Kingston studying.

He said he worked hard all his life. Others spent their money in "sporting". After a day's work he says he has his bath and then has one or two drinks. Never drinks too much. Must have his head clear.

The land on which the post office is built and his many other houses are he bought in two periods. A smaller part many years ago, and $\frac{3}{4}$ of an acre with buildings quite recently from the Chinaman who has his shop at All Sides par. road. for £200.-

I told him next time I come to Jamaica he will be in Kingston with his business. He said he does not want to live in a town, he is a farmer, he prefers the country. Was very pleased when I told him he is building a "Henlon" town, or even "Henlon city" here in Warsop. Said he would come gladly for a talk an evening.

On the annual meeting of the Agricultural Society, held on 29th. 4.47. Mr. Henlon was the only member who demanded the accounts to be cleared by the committee. He was the only one who actively wanted take part, but was hindered and repressed by the secretary on the ground of formal procedure. / see the report of the Agricultural Society meeting /
/ Village Institutions /

Interview
11.5. 48
with Henlon
Ryland.
J.O.

Family Origins.
Initial Status.

"I have start a small man, small farmer. I came from Douanville. My father died when I was 8 years old. My mother is alive. She live with me. I took her to me."

"I have two brother and two sisters. Only two sisters alive. One brother is in Nivaragua. The last time I heard from him he had a farm in Nicaragua. I send no money to him. My sisters are here, they live in Warsop."

~~Arrival to Warsop~~
~~Warsop~~

They rented 3 acres of land in Douanville and owned 1 and 1/2 acre of land and a house, built on the buy land. It was "Spanish wall house." "My father - he died long ago - had it in position. After my father died, my mother took it in position. When I grew up, I took it in position."

Loss of tenancy.

Arrival to Warsop. "After I was on father's property, a new master came, C.D. Edwards. He took over the property and discharged all the tenants." There were five people at that time in the family: "me, my mother, 3 other grandsons; they were my sister's sons; those sisters gone, died out." They cultivated on the rented land: cane, bananas, yams, cocos, sweet potatoes and gungoo peas.

He did not sell his paternal property in Douanville, but left the place. The loss of tenancy occurred at the time when he came recently from Cuba. He had some money to start with.

"I leaved them /the family/ where they were and came over to Warsop. I had friend in Warsop - Charles Hutchinson. He died now. Hutchinson was married to my sister. My sister ~~came~~ was here ~~in Warsop~~ before I came to Warsop. She married Hutchinson. Taylor Hutchinson is his son. He is to call me uncle."

Tenancy in
Allsides.

"After I been here I rent land in Allsides. It was in 1931. I was doing here the same fieldwork as in Douanville. Canes and bananas." He rented only 2 acres. He lived at that time in a thatch house which he built on his tenanted land in Allsides. "Did not take much time to build the house. That time it cost 6 pounds and work. I built it myself."

Hard work and

growing in wealth.

"When I came here first, I ~~work~~ worked hard. I worked day na night. I dig 100 cane old /?/ in the moonshine, before the light." Usually "I wake before 4 o'clock in the morning, I go to work. Come back and have my tea. And go to work again. I worked alone. Just alone. Every Friday I went to Douanville to my people. Stay there ~~Friday, Saturday~~ Saturday, Sunday and come back to ~~work~~ work on Monday."

"I did employ some time other people to help me. Some time three, some time four for a week. In two years it was finished. I was a new man, had not enough plant to cultivate more/ and I planted much cane." When the cane was planted there was little work to be done, just reaping the crops. This initial expenses amounted to 60 pounds. "I leave home with 60 pounds" - which he earned in Cuba. "I bought

a mule for 15 pounds." The cost of the grass house was 6 pounds "I took the balance and started to cultivate the field." "After the cane came, I took the cane to other's man mill." It was Lewis's mill in Allsides." The expences of ~~producing~~ boiling the sugar ~~were~~ were not vey high, because he had the mule and worked himself at the "process". The profit enabled him to buy a cow. "I took up the crop, cover expences and bought a cow. One cow only. Following here, I get a calf. Keep that one cow till I get five. I sold two cows, bought the next piece /of land/.

Buy land in Warsop.
Mother brought
here.
House bought
"on the road".

His first purchase of land in Warsop took place in 1933, ~~was~~ after two years of working on the rented land in Allsides. He bought it from John Carter, paying 40 pounds for 4 acres of land "deep ~~down~~ down in Wilson's Valley". It was an "open land - ruinate", all in bush and weeds.

"Then, after I bought a place down here, and I go for my mother. I started to cultivate the new land. The same crops as in Allsides." He retained his tenancy in Allsides where he stayed in the grass-house with his mother. "Still keep Allsides. Lived still in Allsides."

"After 3 years cultivations in Warsop I made good success." He was able soon to buy another piece of land. "I bought a small place in Warsop, the same place I am living now." He paid 60 pounds for 3 acres of land and a wooden house of the cottage type. "Small house, as the house you live now." The land was desolated, there were no cultivations on it with the exception of ~~some~~ few banana trees - a dozen or so. This was not only reason of the ~~low~~ "cheap price" he paid for this piece of land. The owner of the land, Mrs. Houston, needed money and there were no buyers for her property. He paid the highest price she could get at that time in Warsop. Now if somebody wanted to buy ~~some~~ from him one or two stretches of land "on the road", he will ask him to pay as much as 200 pounds for an acre. The land increased in value, since he brought it u der cultivations. There are fruit-trees on this land now and sane as well. This does not explain- Mr. enlon agreed - such a rapid increase of the land price. "If somebody wants the land for ~~some~~ the house-site, he must pay for it."

Sources of his
wealth.

After 3 or 4 years of work in Allsides and Warsop Mr. Henlon was running a rather complicated business, composed of his cultivations, ~~some~~ on the rented land and on his own, and of some other ~~some~~ enterprises.

He had in Allsides two acres of tenanted land, chiefly under cane and bananas. Also some yams were planted there. He had also 4 acres of his own land in Wilson Valley - ~~these~~ these were under cane and grpondprovisions probably. He acquired at the end of the period also 3 acres of land with the cottage house between Bottom and Top Warsop. /Here his sugar mill is to-day/.

He was doing also some butchery, which he omitted in his present account. ~~He~~ He knew butchery still in Douanville, where his practised this trade. Probably in connction with his butchery, he started also a small tannery business.

cane, bananas,
yams, cocos,
sweet potatoes.

7

"After having these cultivations, I do a little tannery. - make leather. I didnt know how to do it and I do not know ~~know~~ how to do it, but I employed the man to do it. He knew the job and he carried it. He was from Troy and I took to him skins ~~he worked on~~ to be worked into leather." He was buying skins and sending to his employee. The leather was sold on the spot, in Warsop, to the local shoemakers, who are always in ~~me~~ want of leather.

Marriage.

~~He was~~ He did not marry until he bought the second piece of land in Warsop with the old wooden house at the road.

He was not a free man before. He had four children with four different women, but he did not marry any of them. As long as he satyed in Douanville, he had no home of his own to be able to marry at that time. His mother would not object to his marriage, but there were no accomodations to start married life. The last of his concubines was not faithful to him. She went with another man when he was working in Allsides. He did not want to have her back, ~~neither~~ He married a Warsop girl, whom he met when staying in Warsop.

He met his future wife at a wedding dance in Allsides. "A friend of mine was going to marry a girl and I was to ~~attend~~ the wedding." The friend was Sylichman/?/ Lewis, probbably the same man, whose sugar mill served Henlon to produce his first sugar in Allsides. "He was living in Allsides all the time." His future wife was from the Walcott family in Warsop. They live, as they lived, "just below my yard - the next house."

"I saw this lady at this wedding and I liked this lady very much. She belonged to Warsop." They had a talk and he invited her for a motor-drive next day. There were motor-cars and motor-drivers at that time in Warsop and the excursion ~~and~~ could be easily arranged. "We went for a drive. We went to ~~Albert~~ Albert Town, stayed there for some time and came back. When I came back, I wrote a letter. She replied to it. And I marry her about six months after."

Wedding.

The wedding took place at the Anglican Church in Warsop. His wife's family belong to the Church of England, and that was the reason, why the wedding was in The Anglican Church. "I dont join Church of England, she was Church of England".

The expences of the wedding were not very high. Everybody from his friends or relatives contributed to the wedding. Miss Eda Heinton made ~~xxxx~~ made the wedding cake and charged nothing for this. Mr. and Mrs. Brisset sent wine. "I bought the new suit for me and I got the suit for nothing. My cousin was a taylor, didnt charge me. I get it." This is not however the rule, Mr. Henlon explained me. Some people like you, and ~~the~~ they give what you want for nothing. If they do not like you, the wont give.

On the night there was a wedding dance which was attended by many people. The wedding dance was arranged, as it is the custom here, in wife's house. Next day, after the wedding dance they went, as it is also the custom of the country, to ~~the~~ ~~the~~ their future home, which was husband's house. They did it between 10 or 11 on the morning.

The wedding dance, as it is again the local custom, was not attended by everybody, only by people who were invited. "The night you have dance. Plenty of people were at the dance. You send out invitation and people come."

People who attended the ceremony and the party were numerous. First of all "people from my home, where I belong." Then people from Albert Town: "My father-in-law belong to Albert Town, he have people in Albert Town." And lastly invited guests ~~from~~ from Warsop, Allsides, Shadley and Craig. He made acquaintance with people from Shadley and Craig when working in Allsides, where they had their plantations.

~~Invitations~~ Invitations to the wedding dance were sent to the following people: Miss Eda Heinton and Miss Aimee; teacher Walters; the rector /the minister/ Lynch; G.B. Simpson - "he was a teacher in Church of England in Shadley; Hutchinsons' family; Beckfords; Murray all the family was invited: "all invited, ~~as~~ some of them come"; Campbells; Wiltshire; McLaughlin; Brissetts of course; Milford Roy was invited too; Lynch - "he is the shingleflitter"; Bailey; Cully; Sievwright; Barkleys and Dixons." This probably does not cover all the invitation list. Anyhow, the ~~max~~ best farmers or most successful people in Warsop were called to the party and came to it. China-man was not invited: "At that time there was no Chinese shopkeeper here."

Woodfines
too;

The party was huge. "Two hundred people came to the wedding." Still "it was not the biggest wedding in Warsop." ~~There~~ "Everybody eat" and ~~there was~~ drinks were provided too. As it is here in custom, each ~~guest~~ guest brought with him some "wine or brandy" and offered it the hosts, or just gave 5 or 10 shillings. All this was spent to entertain the guests. "They give some money, bring some brandy, wine - everything was spent to them."

to

The party lasted till 4 o'clock on the morning. There was music all the time: violin, pipe, guitar.

Next day after the party husband and wife moved to their new home.

"I keep the wedding at my wife house. We always keep the wedding in wife's house. And then after husband and wife go to their house, to the husband's house. We went to my house. The house was there before I married. The same house I live now. After the wedding 10-11 o'clock to my house I removed."

The house was furnished with the furniture he bought. He did not buy it in Kingston. A local carpenter ~~xxxx~~ made it. /Spring Garde or Constatnt Spring?/.

Married life.

He had 5 children with his wedded wife - all of them alive. ~~xxxxxxx~~ All his "outside" children /four/ are also alive.

Employed labour.

Henlon started his career working alone on his rented land and only occasionally employing some labourers. With the growth of his property he employed more labour. He was trying always to do as much as he could by himself and employed hired workers only when he could not ~~undertake~~ undertake a task without some outside help. He never employed people steadily. Some weeks could be disposed off without hired labour, some weeks demanded more labour. Usually he employed from 2 to 4 people. "Some weeks may be 3, some weeks 4, some weeks 2." He employed always the same people. "The same people all the time. Allsides people in Allsides, Warsop people in Warsop." His workers were recruited from people who "did not have their own land."

Further career.

3 acres of land with the house which he bought in Warsop was not his last purchase of land. He bought also 1 acre from Bailey in 1940 or 1939 paying for it 20 pounds. About that time - 6 years ago - he dropped his Allsides cultivations. "I gave it up about six years ago. I sold out the cultivations for 25 pounds." He dropped also last year his tannery business. It stopped to bring the profit he expected and it was much better business ~~to him~~ to sell skins to the Government. The price offered by the Government was the highest he could get and he considered it as more profitable as his tannery enterprise.

Instead of this he developed another enterprise. Bought some land with buildings near the parochial road, near ~~the~~ the place he had his butchery shop, which he bought ~~previously~~ previously. This ~~period~~ period of his career was sketched in one of the previous interviews and will be still discussed with Henlon in future.

Losses suffered.

Mr. Henlon agreed that he has extraordinary success in all his life-career after he came to Warsop. He suffered but little losses. His chief loss was due to ~~Panama~~ Panama disease. Bananas were one of his chief cash crops. He had 3 acres in bananas previously. He lost all his bananas in Allsides and in ~~Wilson~~ Wilson Valley as well. He planted also some coffee in banana groves - coffee, deprived of the shade of banana trees. "Since the bananas died, the coffee died too. No shade." His chief cash crop is now sugar cane. At the last sale of bananas ~~which~~ at the station he was able ~~only~~ to produce one bunch only, and this was very poor.

However, he passed the Panama disease crisis much better than other planters, who went exclusively into bananas, attracted by the profit. He was more cautious than other people and did not want to risk in running into one crop farming. He lost a lot, not not everything as Lucius Bailey, for example.

He suffered also some losses in ~~his~~ live stock. He ~~lost~~ lost two mules and 5 cows altogether. This was a considerable loss, but it happened not at one time, but over a period of 5 - 6 years.

He lost also the cultivations in Douanville, when he came from Cuba. But this loss was really a starting point of all his subsequent career.

Causes of his career.

Mr. Henlon's career started with the loss of his father's "property" in Douanville. Suddenly all the family lost ~~its~~ their sources of living. They cursed Mr. Edwards who deprived them of their plantations. Now Mr. Henlon is inclined rather to bless Mr. Edwards for having forced him to leave Douanville and look for another place. ~~Mr. Henlon~~ He met Mr. Edwards some time ago here in Warsop. Mr. Edwards heard of his success and stopped to visit him here in Warsop. They had a talk and Mr. Edwards asked him to buy two cows for him in the district and to bring to his estate. He did it. Mr. Edwards estate is a huge estate. 2500 acres. He is a good farmer too. He made coco-nut ~~plantations~~ plantations on his estate, organise a dairy and gave work to many poor ~~people~~ people around. He died some time ago.

Mr. Henlon attributes ~~his~~ his success chiefly to hard work and good luck which he ~~experineced~~ experineced here in Warsop. If not Mr. Edwards, who ousted him from his place "I wouldnt be master of myself. Everything was by chance and by hard work too. I bent down to work hard to better my position. I pulled all my force into it."

~~Henlon~~ He preserved several rules in his business enterprises. First of all, he never risked, as it was the case with his banana cultivations, everythng he had just for one enterprise. Never "put all the thing in one basket." ~~Then~~ He never tried to keep to an enterprise which was too troublesome or stopped to bring good profit. This was the reason why he sold his Allsides cultivations and dropped his tannery enterprise. ~~Henlon~~ He tried always to ~~cultivate~~ cultivate a number of plants and to draw profit from all of them. He did not neglect also more stable plants. Near his house in Warsop he planted breadfruits, coconuts, chocolate and coffee.

Post Office building.

He attributed also ~~to~~ just to a pure chance the commission he got for building the new post office.

"A day I was working in the field and a gentleman stopped on the road. ~~He~~ I did not know him. He started to talk to me - just like you. He pointed to a place - where the shop is near the parochial road - and asked me ~~whether~~ whether I could pull down this building and build another one instead for the post office. I asked him to give me a few days to think it over. Run off for about ~~ix~~ a week, he came back and sent to my field. I told him I couldnt take off the shop, but I could build the house on this spot, near the shop, if the spot suits them. He looked on the spot and said: yes, it suits. I asked him what seize building he want. He said he want a house with an office, two sleeping rooms, sitting hall, dining hall, bathroom, servant courtyard, kitchen, toilet, tank."

"I had to approach the Post ~~Master~~ Master. He took out the paper and asked to undersign it. I told him: no, I am not signing the paper without I get the paper to read and think it over. I called my friend and read the paper and I signed it And sent it to the Post Master General. And he said I can go with the building."

"I started it the 5th August, finished it December. And I count /?/ my tank, what the refuse taken it /?/. I go ahead and put the tank. It was inspected by the ~~Fam~~ Executor General Thursday 9th. And passed.

Mr. Henlon says he does not know why Mrs. Brisset is so crossed with him about this business. She was offered formerly the commission, but refused it. "It was put to her by the Gnt and she said that she can't build it now. The Gnt seek somebody else."

He covered all the expenses of this enterprise from his own resources. It cost him 500 pounds plus 65 - 70 pounds for the tank. He borrowed only 100 pounds from a friend on ~~at~~ 6% interest. He pays the Insurance for the building £10 a year /?/.

His children.

He is the father of 9 children altogether, 5 of them from his married wife. His wife died. His ~~children~~ legitimate children stay with him with the exception of the eldest ~~daughter~~ daughter who is in Kingston. She is in the Secondary School and passed exams, or is just passing now, for the College. She wants to be a teacher. He knows it is not a profession which brings good earnings. May be it would be better if she chose nursing. But he does not want to impose any decision on his children. Let them choose by themselves.

His eldest ~~daughter~~ outside daughter stays with him. She has two children: 3 and 4 years old. ~~Her father stays~~ ~~His daughter~~ The mother is not married to the father of the children. He is a Douanville man, lives in Douanville as a farmer, but has no land of his own. He visits his unmarried wife and children from time to time and stays for a couple of days with them in Warsop. Mr. Henlon ~~likes~~ likes the man. He does not know whether he will marry his daughter.

Two of his outside daughters are also in Kingston. One is a domestic servant. Went to Kingston from Douanville. Somebody offered her a job, and she stays still on the same job /?/. Another daughter works in Machado's Cigar Factory.

His outside children come from time to time to him and stay with him. ~~The difference is that the outside~~ His outside daughters in Kingston had worse chance in life than his ~~legitimate~~ legitimate children. He could not afford at that time to help them in their career. ~~They went~~ They went to Kingston to work for themselves. He can ~~now~~ help now his younger legitimate children, ~~who~~ pay their education and secure to them better position in life.

He has no property now in Douanville. ~~He~~ In their paternal home one of his mother's grandsons is living now.

Visit at Henlon's house
18.5.47. 5-8 p.m.
J.O. + T.O.

Delayed arrival.

We came to Henlon nearly with two hours delay, ^{at} past 5 instead at 3 or 4. Henlon evidently was not so sure of ~~our~~ our visit and ~~even~~ ~~probably~~ ~~even~~ prepared to face an insulting neglect of his ~~invitation~~ invitation. Nobody came out to meet us when we were passing along the road just a few ~~paces~~ paces from his house. We saw ~~through~~ ~~the~~ ~~open~~ ~~entrance~~ ~~door~~ of his house - some people inside the room, ~~who~~ who later on were identified by us as Henlon and his nephew. We have been, ~~no~~ doubt, noticed by them, when we ~~was~~ were just passing along, having taken his house for a home of a local pauper. Henlon could think we ~~had~~ ignored his ~~invitation~~ invitation and preferred not to risk meeting us.

Two men, whom we met 20 or 30 yards below his house, explained to us that the house which we passed is the house we are looking for. Only when we put our feet on the first steps of the stairs leading to his house, Henlon emerged from his room and invited us to come in.

Henlon's house.

Henlon's house did not look ^{much} better inside than outside. It is just an ordinary primitive board-house, old-fashioned, without verandah, and with shatters instead of windows. The house stands close to the road, so that the stairs lead almost straight from the road into the room. ~~That~~ The hut looks so miserable that many times when ~~passing~~ passing this place we took it always for a home of some poor family and ~~never expected~~ it never occurred to our mind that it may be the dwelling house of one of the biggest men in the district.

It was dark in the room, because Henlon ~~shut~~ shut the ~~door~~ the entrance the door ~~when we entered~~ once we entered the room. He evidently preferred to be alone with us and was taking precautions not to be overheard from outside. During all our stay with him he allowed from time to time to keep the door half-open, but ~~when~~ he always closed it promptly when some people were passing along.

The first room, to which the stairs led straight from the road, ~~was~~ was his own ~~living~~ sleeping and living room. Even more - it was his "office" also. The room was small and some pieces of furniture along the walls filled it completely. Still it was the largest and almost representative room in the house.

In front of the entrance door and to the right from it, there was, along the inner-wall of the room, a ~~small~~ ~~table~~ table of a middle size. It was Henlon's ~~desk~~ desk; serving evidently his work. On the table, along the wall, there were books and papers. ~~They were not piled into a chaotic heap. On the contrary, everything on the table was kept in some order, segregated and tidy. It looked almost as if arranged especially for our visit. On the right side of the table there was a pile of accounting books, one book on another. There was also a corresponding pile of books on the left side of the table. These books looked as reading books rather. One of them looked like a calendar, another, very thick one, like a family bible, and still another like a novel. Their backs were turned to the front of the table, but the paper, with which they were covered,~~

did not allow to see their titles. Between these two piles of books, there was a long file of air mail letters. They were put vertically to the table along the wall one after another and closely packed. Their number was probably at least two or even three hundreds. Some ~~envelopes~~ air mail envelopes were seen also on the left ~~pile~~ ^{books}. On the wall, just over the table, there was a monthly calendar, kept up to date and evidently serving its purpose. ~~On the right side of the table there was a door closed door, leading to another room. A chair with one leg broken was at the left side of the table. It kept balance thrust into the corner between the table and the wall.~~

Opposite to the entrance door in the front-wall of the house, there was, ~~in the back-wall of the room, another door. This was open. It led however not to the backyard of the house, but to the back-room, which was appended to the original old wood-house and extending its dwelling space beyond the tiny old structure. The roof was simply extended further and new wooden walls added. Through the open door we saw a long room to the right from the door. There was a window in the wall, but no wooden-floor in the room /if I remember well/. Some children and a woman were moving to and fro within this space.~~

~~Along the back-wall of Henlon's room, from the corner to the left up to the door, there was a long and very high table. Some books were placed on the table near the corner. They were hardly seen from behind the whole range of empty bottles, occupying the remainder of the space. Some bottles were seen also on the floor under the table. Over the table, almost in the corner, there was a hook-nail with a huge pile of accounts and bills on it. To the right from the table, near the door-frame, there was an old calendar-board hanging on the wall, with the full text of "Home, sweet home."~~

The space along the left side-wall of the room, from the high table till the front wall, was taken by a metal bed, covered with a clean sheet. There was some wooden hanger in the corner of the room, over the bed, with a saddle on it. Henlon himself drew our attention to this detail of his house equipment, explaining that he is also an owner of the riding horse which he rides when on business tour beyond the district. Some clothes ~~had~~ were hung here and another heap of clothes hang from another nail in the front wall of the room.

A small three-legs table /a piece of ~~an~~ old furniture/ with two chairs at it occupied the centre of the room. The chairs were as decent as the table.

Reception.

Henlon did not look especially glad of our arrival. He looked serious and grave. He did not smile. He was drunk, swayed a little and sometimes his talk ^{was} almost inarticulate. He was not alone. There was a visitor in the room - a young man of 30 or so, in khaki trousers and a blue shirt. The visitor got up when we came in and stood silent at the door leading to the appended room. He smiled, but did not speak at all and looked shy. Henlon did not introduce his guest to us, nor us to him. He invited us to sit down and tried to keep balance on the broken chair, which he moved from its place to the table in the centre of the room. This acrobatics did not last long time. He took our advice, moved the chair back to its old place and sat down himself on his white sheet bed.

He was almost shouting as if afraid that otherwise the old lady will not understand a word. We expressed our words of sympathy and asked what is the trouble with her. "Old age" - shouted Henlon. "Nothing else, but old age. She is 96." "For such people - he continued his shouting standing in front of the old lady who looked helplessly around and ~~murk~~ murmured some words to her son - for such people there is nothing left here. ~~Thaxxpiacaxix~~ Her work is over, she has nothing to do here, her place is there, in the graveyard." And ~~sk~~ he demonstrated this by a gesture showing somewhere ~~in the house~~ behind the house, towards the hills. ~~He left the old woman in her room and went back to Henlon's room.~~

The roof and the remainder of the house.

We left the old dying old woman alone with her last life-task and went back to Henlon's room. The ceremony of introduction to his mother was over. Now he wanted to show us his house. We went down through the door in the back-wall of his room into a new room added to the old cottage by ~~extending the roof further down and~~ extension of the roof further down and supporting it on ~~at~~ additional walls. ~~He led us straight there.~~ There was to the left a partition wall with a door in it. Henlon led us straight into this small compartment to show the roof recently repaired. ~~It~~ This tiny room was empty. There was only a ~~huge~~ bundle of dirty linen, lying on the floor and occupying almost the whole room. There was no board-floor here, just earth. Henlon complained of the water leaking through the roof in this place and tried ~~us~~ to impress us with the costs ~~of the repairs which he had with~~ and troubles which he had with making the ~~repairs~~ repairs. The new roof ~~was~~ was dealt with as something incomparably more important than his dying mother. ~~He did not stay at all in the main part of the new addition to the building. It was a long room with an earthen floor, a window in the wall, and a long table along the inner wall. No other furniture was seen in this room. It looked just like an appendix to a kitchen. The room was cleared during our vision from a woman and children, who were seen here previously.~~

Treatment.

We went back to Henlon's room and took our previous seats. We both on the chairs ~~and~~ and two sides of the small table and Henlon between us on his bed. His nephew arrived bringing things from the shop. ~~He but~~ "Everything?" - inquired brusquely Henlon. "No butter." - ~~He~~ "Bill". - ordered Henlon. The nephew produced the paper written by Henlon. "Change" - was the next angry and impertinent ~~command.~~ ~~He~~ "No change, there was no change left" - tried to explain himself the nephew. Henlon examined critically half a bottle of Dagger rum, two bottles of ginger ale, compared it with the bill and started to shout into another room something about eggs and butter. At this moment we intervened: we had just now our dinner and are not able to have anything; let him have alone his meal, we cannot participate in it. He - on his - part explained that he had already his lunch. He was all the

day out, doing some business far away from the district. He had ~~lunch~~ his lunch on his business tour. We agreed about having some drinks. "I wont refuse a drink" - I said. "Oh, you wont refuse a drink? you wont refuse a drink?" - he was evidently glad in a malicious and triumphant way. There were some orders shouted into the kitchen and recalled ~~again~~ again. In the commotion which followed the woman who appeared from the kitchen was introduced to us as Henlon's daughter. ~~She showed signs~~ Her figure showed signs of advanced pregnancy. We shook hand with her and there was also some sort of a ~~delayed~~ delayed semi-introduction to ~~us~~ us of his nephew. It was done in a casual way as one introduces to ~~a guest~~ a guest a servant and not a member of the family. Two small children emerged also from the kitchen-room. "These are my grandchildren" - ~~said~~ he said. "I dont like children around here, but what can I do with them." Anyhow, the daughter and the children were promptly bullied ~~int~~ back into the kitchen-room and did not appear more. The nephew was allowed to sit down on the broken chair and stayed there all the time, trying to keep balance and be nice. Henlon shouted his orders from time to time to the daughter, angry, commanding, exacting. ~~His orders~~ His orders ~~were short, almost monosyllabic.~~ "Cloth"? The cloth was found behind him on the table. "Butter"! The bread was brought and left on the table. "Take the bread, what's use of bread without butter." ~~the~~ A row was raised again by Henlon because of something lacking at the banquet. Some answer followed from the kitchen room. ~~Henlon~~ Henlon got up from his seat and with a dignified and gloomy air vanished in the room of his dying mother. Soon he reappeared ~~again~~ again carrying a chamber pot in his hand. "If you want to spit, you can spit here" - he said to us and placed the receptacle under his bed. The last detail of these preparations being over, Henlon critically examined the table and settled down on his bed. The bottle was passed to us and we measured our drinks moderately. Henlon filled his glass: plenty of rum and just a bit of ale. At the end he put the fourth glass on the table. "Here is for you" - he said to his nephew. "You also have a drink." We started to drink.

Family business.

The party of four did not last long time. The ~~nephew~~ nephew had some business to in the village and excused himself. He wanted some explanations from Henlon. Henlon stood up and announced his instructions. ~~There~~ "Keep the receipt. When my brother come, you show him the receipt and tell him I sold the land to you. ~~There~~ Mother was with me. She stayed with me till her death and I cared after her. till she died. He has nothing to do with the land. The land is yours. I dont want ~~anything~~ anything from you. You pay taxes and look after everything. If something ~~will~~ happen I send the telegraph. Prepare everything. Dig the grave between father and brother grave. I wont come, I am busy. You pay the expences of the funeral. I dont want anything from you." ~~There~~

The cultivator and the business-man.

The nephew vanished. e were left alone. Henlon poured himself another glass. "You see now my home, you see my family." - he started to talk. We congratulated him with his office and confessed how much we are impressed with the sight of books and papers on his table. Here evidently is the mystery of his success. We pointed to a book ~~lying~~ lying incidentally on the high table along the backwall of the room and asked what is this book. ~~Henlon~~ "Oh" - said Henlon - "this one? it is just MacDonald's calendar." He inquired about the use of this book. Does he find it useful? How does he plan and work out his cultivations? Henlon explained us that ~~in planning~~ in planning and designing his cultivations he follows always the instructions nad advice of the agricultural instructor. The instructor shows him actually where, ~~what~~ what and how he has to cultivate. The calendar is very useful too. ~~It~~ "It shows you the days when you have to plant." The calendar is printed in America, but it suits Jamaica. He found it most useful and reliable. books on it.

Again we fixed our attention on his desk and the ~~books~~ We wondered what are these books. "I will show you" - volunteered Henlon, getting up and coming to the table. "I keep all the books for the Government." This is my lumber book." He opened the book and was showing to my wife its rubrics. ~~I~~ I stayed back and showed little interest for this performance. "Here ~~are~~ I write all the expences and and all ~~sum~~ money I get. Here is the sum which I got for

the lumber. And here what I paid the labourers." He was ~~drunk~~ drunk, could hardly read the ~~numbers~~ numbers, mixed them up and disfigured. He closed the book, put it back and took another. "This is my tannery book." He opened the book to show its inside and closed it again. He ~~was~~ was careful not to pass it into our hands and put it aside again. "You are very able man, Mr. Henlon" - we congratulated him. "Here is the mystery of your success. You are a ~~business~~ the true businessman, you keep all accounts of all your enterprises and ~~this is the explanation~~ this is the explanation of your gains. And what is this book" - I pointed to another thick accounting book on the table. "These are my farming ~~and~~ calculations." Now I ~~displayed~~ displayed true and enthusiastic interest. "Mr. Henlon, you are the very man ~~we~~ we are looking for. This is what interests us the most. Could you show us the ~~book and to study it in detail?~~ as to enable us ~~to study it in detail?~~ Mr. Henlon was taken aback. "Yes, I can" - he said and put the book aside. A series of explanations followed. "Did he introduced this book by himself and for himself to get clear account of his farming enterprises? Or ~~does~~ does he keep it simply for "official" reasons - taxes and so on?" Mr. Henlon keeps it only for official reasons, just the same as his other books. Only because the Government wants it from him. He would not keep any of ~~his~~ these books for himself. ~~He~~ He does all his accounts in memory, he keeps them in his brain. /a gesture/. I started to wonder again ^{about} about the mystery of his success under the conditions of risk and uncertainty. Mr. Henlon looked firmly displeased, annoyed and even angry.

The Master.

We transferred our attention to the ~~reading~~ pile of the "reading" books on the left side of the table. We pointed to the ~~thickest~~ thickest book: "This is probably your Bible, Mr. Henlon?" No, it is not his Bible. The Bible is on another table. Mr. Henlon started to look after the Bible on another table and was busy for some time with a little success. He was getting more and more ~~annoyed~~ annoyed by our ~~discontinued~~ discontinued interest in his library. "Oh, it is somewhere" - he commented stopping further search. "And these books, Mr. Henlon, what are these books?" Mr. Henlon was angrily reluctant. "These are books which I got from the Lawrence company." There was something in the pile looking like a calendar or a catalogue. "This one?" - I pointed to the book which looked like a novel. Henlon was getting outraged. "These are my private books." - "May I see ~~this~~ this book?" Henlon burst. "These are my private books, I say: private." "And you don't think - he continued shouting almost - that I will show you everything. And I will not tell you everything you ask me."

~~Henlon~~ Mr. Henlon was not only outraged; he was decidedly hostile. "Don't get excited, Mr. Henlon." "I ~~don't~~ get ~~excited~~ excited, but these are my private books." - "You ~~do~~ do. But there is no reason for it. You are entirely right and I am not going to press you to tell me anything what you don't want to tell me. I thought only I can have a look at a book which you describe as a private book. If somebody comes to me and I lead him to my library, he can freely see my private books, but I will not show him my books which

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are not private, as ~~xxxxxx~~ accounting books and so on."

Mr. Henlon hesitated a moment. Then he drew the book from the pile. "I will show you." "You mustnt, Mr. Henlon." & "Come, I will show you" - insisted Mr. Henlon, coming to the door and ~~fixing looking through the pages~~ ~~trying to find the page~~ opening the book. "Come." I did not move from my chair and on the further invitation my wife volunteered to have a look into it. ~~xxxxxx~~ Mr. Henlon found at last the page he was looking for. It was the first page and the page with the contents of the chapters. I could only see from my place at a moment the title of the book. It was "The Master" and something below which was covered by Henlon's hand.

talk.

Mr. Henlon was explaining to my wife the meaning of chapters of the book, turning from time to time to me for better response. He was getting more drunk. There was a tone of pride and arrogance in his ~~xxxxxx~~ He was displaying to his visitors the best part of himself.

He spelled with some difficulty the words and disfigured them. After some fighting with the letters he succeeded in reading the first word. "Self-controll." ~~xxxx~~ "Self - controll. Self controll - it means, it means, ~~xxxxxx~~ it means - oh, I know, - it means "hurry heart." It means that when I do anything I mustnt hurry. It spoils my heart when I hurry. I means that when I go to buy a cow in Troy, I mustnt hurry, I must go slowly and not to make my heart hurry, as some people do, when they hurry and ~~only~~ breathe like that. Their heart cant stand it. I never hurry. It makes you hurry heart."

Next chapter, the title of which escaped our memory, had something to do with drinks. "It means that I mustnt drink, to have my head clear, to have all my brains to do my business." Henlon did not dwell on this subject too long, which was - considering the situation - very tactful.

Next chapter, "metaphysical alchemy," was deciphered by Henlon with greatest difficulty. He omitted the first word and was very glad to recognise the second. "It is alchemy - it means" - he stopped for a moment, turning to me - "we are men, I can tell it to you, It means that when I go to whore - you know what I mean? you know? It means that when I go to whore, I must be fit, I must be fully fit to do my business. The woman must be fit too, of course, she must be fit too. But it means that I must be fit. It is bad to me when I am not fit, it spoils my business." He was very satisfied with him self and laughed.

The fourth chapter had something to do with "unconscious concentration." This was explained by Henlon in a similar fashion. "It means that I mustnt worry about one business when I do another. I mustnt worry, I mustnt think of this and that, ~~xxxxxx~~ because it makes me unconscious. It makes that ~~xx~~ I do not know what I am doing because I am worried thinking of something else. And when I am unconscious I cant do my business." Etc.

The last chapter, the meaning of which was revealed to us by Henlon, ~~xx~~ was concerned with "self-reliance".

"It means that when I do anything, when I do any business, I mustnt doubt, I must have no doubts. I mustnt think whether this ~~wright~~ right, I mustnt doubt, just do the thing. When I doubt it means I doubt in myself, and then it comes wrong. And when I do ~~wknot~~ doubt and just do, then it is allright."

The first part of the book was over. He tried to continue his ~~explanatike~~ commentary further, but stopped as dissatisfied with the words which he couldnt understand or ~~remmber~~ remember. He closed the book. "This is how I do. Now you know."

~~Thexfatherxx~~
The neighbour.

"Quick"

Both men rushed to the door to watch the truck passing.

Mr. Henlon tried ~~xit~~ again to return to his "public" books. He produced from his pocket his ~~butcher's~~ licence and showed it my wife, explaining that he does everything according to the law. The conversation was happily ended by the return of his nephew. We sat again at the table, with the nephew on the broken chair and Mr. Henlon on his bed sipping his new drink. ~~Suddenlxxx~~ Suddenly a truck passed on the road and this produced a great deal ~~xxxxx~~ of commotion in the room. "The truck, the truck" - the words ~~were~~ passed ~~between~~ between the two men. "They are coming." Mr. Henlon ~~clutched~~ grasped the bottle with rum and hid it behind the high table among other bottles. Bottles of ginger ale were also quickly removed. ~~The truck passed.~~ "No, no" - he quieted down. ~~They did not stop. They went come.~~ The bottle returned ~~from~~ back on the table.

~~Thexfatherxx~~
The big man.

We dropped the subject of Mr. Henlon's enterprises and profits. We approached the matter from another angle. How much does he value himself? "What"? Yes, how much does he value himself? How much is he worth? In money? or in acres? And who is worth more? he, Mr. Brisset or Mr. Stephen White? Henlon was ~~fn~~ almost furious. He will not tell anything about anybody. Let Mr. Stephen White or Mr. Brisset tell for themselves when asked by me. He can only say for himself. And he cant. Its too difficult to ~~xxxxxx~~ evaluate. He cant tell what is he worth. Anyhow, he is far from being rich. He is really a poor man. "There are people in the village who can tell you lies about me. There are many ~~enxxi~~ envious, ~~xxxxxx~~ "Gobichous" people who lie about me." ~~Hax~~ His only ~~advantage~~ advantage is that he never keeps money. When he ~~myxx~~ gets 20 pounds, he never just keeps them, but at once buys something and sells again. "If you keep it, you spend, and next week it is only 19 pounds. You loose. And when you buy and sell, next week it is perhaps 22 pounds. You did not lost your pound and you gained two." He does not know, how much he gains. He knows only that he must cover his household expences, which are tremendous, and run his business. How much does he spend on his household? Can he figure it? "You cant figure, man! If you figure - you madman" - ~~xxxxxx~~ Henlon roared ~~fxk~~ in laugh, ~~xxxxxx~~ I laughed too and got ~~xxxxxx~~ on my arm a strong facetious clap from him.

Henlon's economic position was evidently undefinable in arithmetic figures. There was a further talk about smaller and bigger ~~men~~ men and we agreed that Mr. Henlon's fortune is equal to nothing in comparison with the wealth of an American millionaire, for example. ~~Jamaica~~ Jamaica is so poor, and so on. Still there are ~~gigger~~ "bigger men" - even in this district. Who are these "bigger men"? Henlon's reaction was vivid and instantaneous: "First of all, I am a bigger man."

The father.

The nephew was about to leave us and Mr. Henlon decided that it is proper moment to introduce to us his son. He ~~call~~ called for him in his shouting and commanding fashion. The son entered the room from the kitchen-room. He was a boy of seventeen to nineteen, high, well built, ~~smiling~~ and looking very nice and cheerful. "Stood up" - ~~shouted~~ Henlon shouted to the nephew and the son. "Stood up." The nephew got up from his broken chair, the son was all the time standing. "This is my nephew you know already, and this is my son. I have another one, who is elder, but this stays with me." Then he turned to his family. "This lady and this gentleman came to me to enquire how we live. I have shown them everything, I have shown them my family and my house. I am a poor man. Something happened, things changed. I am a ~~poor~~ poor man. I have many responsibilities. I am poor man and I'll never be rich."

We had some drinks together.

We congratulated Mr. Henlon with his son and expressed opinion that any how his son must be a great help for him in his enterprises. "Him? What can he do? What can he earn? His cultivations! What can he get from his cultivations? I must feed him. He cannot even earn ~~to~~ buy his clothes. I buy him clothes." ~~His tone was~~ The tone of his speech was derogative and spiteful. The son stood smiling. He looked ~~rather~~ more amused than embarrassed by drunken behaviour of his father. "Yes - Mr. Henlon continued getting more and more excited - I feed him and I buy him clothes. And when I am old, he must feed me. I feed him, and he must feed me. He must feed me" - he repeated.

enough

The ceremony of introduction was over. "Go away" - ordered Mr. Henlon his son and the son disappeared obediently. Mr. Henlon started to fill glasses and we had drinks, ~~with~~ to which the nephew was reluctantly admitted. ~~Then he parted.~~ "I never drink with my son" - explained Mr. Henlon. "It is not good when you drink with your son."

Again the orders about digging the grave and meeting Henlon's brother with the receipt for sold land were repeated.

The boss and the partner.

We were left alone and Mr. Henlon sat down a little sad and gloomy. He had another drink. Then he opened ~~the~~ a little ~~the~~ the entrance door and started to look down at the yard ~~an~~ across the road. "Johnny" - he shouted. ~~Johnny~~ "Johnny". There was no response. These calls were repeated several times; ~~the~~ their tune changed from ~~that~~ order to reconciliatory supplication. But Johnny did not answer.

"He is the man - explained Henlon - who is ^{my} position ~~when~~ whenever I go away. He does everything for me. He is my man of confidence and does everything what I do when I go away to do some business. ~~As~~ I leave him all money and everything and when I come back he gives all money back and gives the account. I trust him. He is like

me when I am away." ~~xxxxxxacceptedxxxxxxthatxxxxxxJohnnyxxxxCarterxx~~

We accepted that Johnny Carter is really his substitute and Mr. Henlon ~~xxxxxxthe~~ agreed on the term. We learned that he left Johnny Carter to act "in loco" ~~Henlon~~ of Henlon, when he went to-day on a long business tour to some ~~xxxxxx~~ distant place. Henlon was very ~~xxxxxx~~ serious, grave and gloomy when mentioning his to-day's dealings, but he did not explain where did he go and what did he do. He left it to our guess. He said that ~~xxxxxx~~ "put things in order" - and ~~xxxxxxthat~~ that was all. (right)

just went "to

Johnny appeared after a while. He came through the back-door and sat silently and meekly on the broken chair. ~~xxxxxxHenlonxxxxxxalterxxxxxx~~ and Henlon's "alter ego" displayed no typical traits of his boss. He was, similarly, as Henlon's nephew, only a ~~xxxxxx~~ a servant counterpart to ~~the~~ his master. "I called you, Johnny" - ~~Henlonxxxxxxthatxxxxxx~~ Henlon said this with a tone of reproach and dissatisfaction. And then forcefully and in a bully-manner: "Didn't you hear me? didn't you hear"? - "No, Sir" - was the answer. There was some business talk between them. Henlon asked Johnny, ~~and~~ again in his commanding tone, about some money, ~~xxxxxx~~ and learned that Johnny has all the money /it was over one pound/ all right, but he did not bring with him. Henlon seemed to be dissatisfied and angry. He addressed all the time his substitute by "Johnny" and was all the time answered in a subdued ~~and~~ manner by "Yes, Sir" and "No, Sir".

announcement.
at is it about?

Henlon started to fill glasses. Then he stood up and repeated the announcement he made already when introducing his son to us. The announcement ran more or less like that:

"Johnny, I called you to come. These people came to my house to see me, and as it is my custom, when people come to me, I had some drinks with them /here he offered a drink to Johnny/. These people are from the Government and I must be very careful what I say to them. I am a family man, I have my home, I have responsibilities. You know Johnny I am a poor man. Something happened, things changed. I am a poor man and will remain a poor man."

Johnny followed the instruction meekly. He did not say a word and avoided to be drawn into conversation. Henlon's talk brought us back naturally to the subject of his wealth. He burst suddenly. "What all this ~~xxxxxx~~ is about"? We are ~~xxxxxx~~ social survey people and stay here some time and there is nothing about us in the newspapers. He read new papers, he could not find any announcement about the survey. What all this is about? I explained to Henlon that there was some note in the newspapers several weeks ago, but in general he cannot expect anything in the newspapers about us. ~~Our~~ work is a slow work and we need no propaganda. Henlon sat gloomy and unconvinced.

Cooperation and
exploitation.

We changed the subject to a more general issue. What are the chief troubles of the small cultivator? What are the prices he gets for his produce? How can he ascertain his profits and rentabilitiy of his farming?

Henlon was helping himself with drinks, getting more
~~HER~~ and more drunk and more excited.

have

Only cooperation can save the farmer - cooperation in marketing. Farmer cannot ~~realize his~~ profits, because he does not get due price for his produce. The bigger man get all the profit, and the small man must suffer. They work for nothing and sell for nothing. All the profit goes to three bigger men in Christiana, who buy their ~~production~~ produce and pass it further away. These men are Johny, Miller and Dolphy. The farmer never knows what price will be offered by them. The Government should ~~grant~~ guarantee the prices for the farmer for ten years, at least for five years, and when the farmer will be sure of the guaranteed price for ten years, he can develop his cultivations and be prosperous. Otherwise he never knows whether he will have gains or losses.

Henlon was doubtful about the effects of cooperation if not seconded by the guaranteed prices. They tried it already. In 1940 small farmers sent their pimento straight to England, avoiding the intermediary of local businessmen /Johnny Miller and Dolphy/. ~~Thaxax~~ They hoped to get the full profit in this transaction, but they suffered only a great loss. The local businessmen sent telegram to England and their ship was kept unloaded for many weeks in the harbour. They paid tremendous harbour dues for all the time the ship was in the harbour. The expenses surpassed their gains and they were again at a loss. Some people got indebted owing to this enterprise, ~~and they have lost~~ their fortune or are in debt still now. This not the only way in which big businessmen intrigue against the small producer. Big men have money and ~~dk~~ can dictate prices. They are able to offer the produce at the price below the cost of production to beat the small cultivator in competition. They buy everything from the small producer at this competitive price, store the produce and sell it when the price is the highest. It is up to the Government to interfere in this business. ~~The~~ small cultivators can do nothing by themselves.

The Government.

Henlon was getting more and more excited. He roared his convictions and from time to time accentuated his wild talk by strong ~~clappings of my shoulder~~ clap on my shoulder. The Government in ~~Jama~~ Jamaica is no good. They oppress the farmer. They do not bother about their difficulties. They take bribes and embezzle public money. They can hardly expect any help from their Gnt. They will never take part of the small cultivator, they will act always on behalf of big men. They are bribed by them.

~~Bribery~~
Bribery.

The mechanism of bribery was explained to me by Henlon in simple and suggestive way. "You do now a survey here. And suppose these men - Johny, Miller and Dolphy - ~~here~~ hear that you are here and inquire about the prices. ~~They willxwillxmeetingx~~ They call a meeting and they say: Look here, this man is here and makes his inquiries. They count their money. I have 3.000 pounds, I have 5.000 pounds, another has 2000 pounds. They tell, let us give to the man 1000 pounds each. You get, let us say 2000 pounds. And they come to you and give 3000 pounds or more. And here you are. You will say nothing about them." Henlon ended his exposition of the bribery with a roaring laugh. I laughed also: "Oh, that's so?" - "Yeas" - Henlon ~~roaredxagain~~ laughed again ~~and~~ - "and ~~wilx~~ you ~~wilx~~ say nothing against them." A strong clap of mutual understanding on my shoulder.

White and Black.

Could it be better if more black people ~~represent~~ representing the farmer class were in the Government? No, not at all. Mr. Henlon was most positive about it. People in the Gnt, if even they are honest, quarrel among themselves and if one man agrees to help the farmer, another one will do nothing or ^{will} act against him.

In general, black people can not govern themselves. They are too stupid. If a black man steals something, it is just a piece of bread or a yam, and they arrest him at once and sentence to imprisonment. The White man does not steal something without any value. When he steals, he steals money. Plenty of money. 5.000 pounds. And nobody arrests him. Because he is wise, he knows what to steal and how. Poor black man is ~~very~~ stupid, that is why he cannot govern himself, but must be governed by the white man, who is wise.

The Black Man.

The subject encroached evidently on some touchy complex in Mr. Henlon. He sat largely on his bed with his legs stretched in front ~~of him~~ of him. He stretched his left arm and was knocking it with a finger of his right hand. "I am a black man" - he roared. "I am black man". "And when the white man come to me and ~~they~~ do not want associate with me, I do not bother at all. I go my way, he go his way. I do not bother. I am black man and I do not bother." Let him go ~~his way~~ away."

In this peculiar way Mr. Henlon was disclosing his deep conviction that even as the black man he is ~~up~~ up to the level of the wise white man.

soon

To cool his excitement the Black Man ordered drinks for everybody, then he cancelled his ~~order~~ order and raised hell about "eggs". He told us we will drink after having ~~the~~ "scaled eggs" in a truly Jamaican fashion. The eggs were brought from the kitchen-room by his daughter and Henlon performed himself the duties of the master of ceremony in administering them to us. He opened each egg, separated the content from the scale ~~by~~ with the hand of a ~~very~~ tiny coffee spoon, ~~and then~~ mixed it generously with the salt and then, with the same spoon, he started to feed each of us from his own hand. My ~~wife~~ wife was the first to undergoe this treatment. My turn was the next. At the end Mr. Henlon helped himself ~~to~~ his egg. We congratulated him with the

taste of this Jamaican dish. Henlon looked proud and glad as if he reached the peak of the social success of the party. "We are ~~almost~~ fed almost from your hand, Mr. Henlon" - I commented. Mr. Henlon smiled: "Oh, you must come sometime and meet my girl." "I have a girl, Doctor - he laughed - I have a girl." We assured him that we would be very glad to meet his sweetheart. We did not see anything strange in it. After all, the life is lived only one time. Mr. Henlon laughed heartily. Then we returned to our previous conversation.

We suggested that if people like himself were in the Government, things might look much better. Mr. Henlon opposed this suggestion violently. Not at all. "Didn't I say you? ~~But~~ Do you understand me? Do you understand what I say?" Black man is too stupid. He cannot steal money. White people are wise. They steal money. They must govern us. And so on.

The conversation was wild and chaotic. It was frequently interrupted by Henlon's exasperated exclamations: "Do you understand me?" and by claps on our shoulders. To make us ~~to~~ "understand him" he decided finally to convince us by an argument "ad personam".

Our job.

"Black people cannot govern themselves. They must be govern by white people. ~~Even~~ Even you - I will tell you plainly - even you, you are sent by the ~~Government~~ Government from England. You are a doctor and you came here to Jamaica on a job. Why? Could not somebody from us do your job? But there are many Poles in England, they fought with the English and now England must give them jobs. And they send you here. You do what our people should do." A laugh, a clap on my ~~shoulder~~ shoulder. Mr. Henlon was triumphant and very satisfied with himself.

It was the highest time to tame him a little. "You are greatly mistaken, Mr. Henlon. You are greatly mistaken. I did not come here, because I could not find another job. I was offered the job, because I am a specialist. And in what I am doing here there are only a few specialists in England, and only a few in Europe as well. I did not take this job, because I could not find a better job. I was offered, and am being offered still job paid twice or even

as much or even more. I chose this job, because this work interests me the most. And this is why nobody can buy me, Mr. Henlon."

Henlon jumped up from his seat, then heavily sat down again. ~~xxxx~~ He let his hands drop helplessly down. He sat in this position for a while, silent and perplexed. ~~xxxx~~ "It's time for us to go home" - I said and we got up from our chairs. Henlon jumped again from his bed and started nervously to fill the glass. We refused drinks. He poured the remainder of the bottle into his glass. He wanted to be cheerful again. ~~xxxx~~ He made one step to me, ~~xxxx~~ but instead of clapping my shoulder again, he petted it gently, in a caressing manner. Then he made a toast. "Let our fellowship last for ever" - had some further less articulate words. I refused ~~xxxx~~ to drink rum and he did not press. "But you like to drink?" - he reassured himself. "Yes, I like, one or two glasses on the ~~xxxx~~ evening. But no more." "I drink all the time, all the time" - he confessed. "Did you ever notice it?"

Departure.

He wanted us to stay still, but we were collecting already our belongings. "I will go with you" - he volunteered. "Just as you like." We went together.

Henlon tried to return to the subject of his family, his home, his responsibilities. We avoided to dwell upon this theme. He tried to find more response from my wife. But she went ahead. He entered again violently upon the subject of his social position in the village. Mr. Brisset never invited him to his house, "though he is not as white as you are." And he never visited him in his home. But he is black man. ~~xxxx~~ He was ~~xxxx~~ again interrupted and forced to change the subject. He volunteered to speak about his employees. He never employs a man who comes to him on wednesday. It is to near to the pay-day. If the man comes to him on Monday or ~~xxxx~~ Tuesday, he will always give him a job. But not on Wednesday. / When I visited some weeks ago Henlon's mill, I met his employees. They greeted me in the customary fashion "Good morning, boss." "Why, boss? I am not your boss." "But we would like you to ~~xxxx~~ our boss." "Why?" - "You would be a good boss." The conversation was interrupted by sudden arrival of their real boss. /

All his endeavours failed. I was changing the subject constantly and preferred to talk about more celestial things than Mr. Henlon: about ~~xxxx~~ weather, wind and stars.

We reached Ashman's house. ~~xxxx~~ "I hope - said Henlon mildly, - I will see you some time." "Why not, Mr. Henlon." He was meek and apologetic all the time - like his servant. Now he tried to improve his situation. He put his hands on our arms. I returned the gesture with a touch to his arm. "All right, Mr. Henlon. Thank you."

He stood silent for a long while, while we were climbing the paths to Ashman's house, then slowly walked away.

be

Miss Eda and
Miss Aimee.
16.6.47.
Neighbour.

*1 initial of
field collector?*

Lumber dealer.

Henlon is not a nice man. Very ruthless man, always driving after profit. Once his cow died and he came to them and asked to feed the calf till it will be big enough to feed by itself. They kept the calf for 5 months and fed it with own milk. Then suddenly Henlon sent a boy to take the calf back. He did not think of paying the expences and even did not thank them.

He keeps company with Larence and other people who work as "headmen" or "guards" in the forest. He is ~~frt~~ probably on friendly term with Retchie, the forester. ~~Theyxxxxxxkxxxxxxkxxxxxx~~ It is probable that he is involved into some fraudulent practices with lumber in company with his ~~xxxxxxx~~ foresters-friends. He pays his lumber-men very little and the work is exceedingly hard.

Obeah.

People in the village do not like Henlon. They are afraid of him. They suspect him of some obeah practices. He is a friend to old Guy, who is known to have some book, from which this secret lore is drawn. ~~xxxxxx~~ I told them about the book we found in Henlon's house: "The Master Key". "That's the book - exclaimed Miss Eda - the same book."

Henlon's family.

"His family is very low down. All they believe in duppies and obeah." This refers not only to Henlon's family, but also to the family of his wife, Walcotts.

Henlon bought his board house and the land from Walcotts. He got acquainted with his wife, young Miss Walcott here, probably still before the sale of the property. Young Miss Walcott was a beauty. She was ~~xxxx~~ young girl of 17 or so when she married Henlon. She was called by Heighintona "Negro princess" or "the Black princess". She had many children with Henlon. Died suddenly of tube pregnancy. When she was ill, her illness was interpreted as due to obeah of some enemies or neighbours. She went to Troy and back and got haemorrhage. She was taken to hospital to Falmouth and died during the operation. Henlon, Mrs. Walcott and all the family beleived that the woman was obeahed.

When she was lying ~~had~~ dead, carpenter Joe Smith was called or came just by himself to take measure for the coffin. He was in love with the "dark princess" for years; and now when measuring her dead body, he wanted "to live with her." A fight followed, since Henlon defended his wife's corps. He was struck by Joe Smith and his head was wounded. Next day he went to Hospital and the corpse of his wife was still lying in the house awaiting funeral.

No suit followed the incident and the matter was silenced.

~~Henlon~~

Henlon had some "outside" children before he married young Walcott /she died some 7 to 9 years ago/. One of his "outside" daughters stays with him. She had two "outside" children and is pregnant now with the third. Another daughter of him, not the "outside" one, but his "legal" kin, stays not with him, but with his mother-in-law, Mrs. Walcott. She ran away from her father some years ago - nobody knew why. Then she came back with a ~~max~~ baby. The baby is syphilitic and the case is rather grave.

Other Henlon's children stay also with Mrs. Walcott.

Henlon's girl is Miss Robinson, who lives almost vis-a-vis Mrs. Records. She had children with a Chinaman /Mr. Pang?/ and her progeniture is mixed. She was spoken of almost as a professional maitress. That is why Mrs. Aimee warned Dale to be careful when selecting her companions in the village. ~~Henlon~~ Miss Robinson does not come to Henlon; he visits her probably at her place.

Interview with
Henlon
16.6.47.

another

Henlon is going now to start a dairy. He intends to cut his cane near his house, to pull down his sugar mill. Instead he will grow grass on this 1 acre of land and will build a cow-house. He will start with a couple or a few of cows. He calculates that one cow, when giving two quarts of milk for sale daily, will bring him £1 monthly. All his calculations are based on this estimate, which is the lowest. He always does his calculations in this way, taking the lowest estimate ~~as~~ for consideration. His dairy farm will pay even at this estimate. What he will get over this, will constitute his profit.

He organises his dairy farm with the help of Agr. Instructor, who instructs him how to prepare grass-~~land~~ field and what breed of cows to select.

One of the motives of his new enterprise is that he is tired with hard work at bouting. Getting old he will be able to stay home, to milk cows and sell milk without depending upon the help of his sons, who are not too industrious.

The milk will be taken by truck, which goes every day through Warsop. So far the truck does not take any milk from anybody in the district. People have cows here and could sell milk. But usually the cows are far away and milk cannot be brought in time and regularly to the truck. Regularity and punctuality is essential in milk-production depending upon the sale to collecting truck. The truck takes this milk somewhere to condensary.